REACH THE ROCK

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"When a man is tired of life
at twenty-one it indicates
that he is rather tired of
something in himself."

-- F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

EXT. SMALL TOWN. NIGHT

Quiet. Saturday night. After midnight. Nothing's going on. Heat lightening flashes on the horizon. It's hotter than a bitch.

EXT. STREET. STREET LAMP

Moths flit around the old lamp.

EXT. STORE WINDOW

A shoe store. A bit lost in time. An old Red Goose Shoes logo along with the most recent gas-filled basketball shoes. A sign reads, "SUMMER SHOE SPECTACULAR. ALL MAKES AND STYLES. UP TO 50% OFF."

EXT. GUTTER

A broken cassette lies in the gutter. A ribbon of tape flutters in the hot breeze.

EXT. FEED STORE. CU. THERMOMETER

A big, old advertising thermometer.

ECU. MERCURY

It reads ninety-one degrees.

EXT. STREET. YOUNG MAN

Sitting on a mailbox. One leg draped over the side, the other tucked to his chest. His chin rests on his knee. Sweat rolls down his face. His name is ROBIN FLEMING.

CU. ROBIN

A dead stare. Beautiful eyes that say absolutely nothing. a dirty, sweaty face with more age than a 21-year old man deserves. With no change in expression, he slides OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. STREET

Robin slides off the mailbox and slowly saunters across the street to a small hardware store. He looks at it for a moment.

CU. ROBIN

No change in expression.

HIS POV

Among the small appliances, tools and garden supplies on display is a table fan. It's slowly, endlessly going through a slow right to left cycle. Plastic streamers flutter in the breeze the fan is creating.

CU. ROBIN

He watches the fan go back and forth and back and forth.

EXT. STREET

Robin reaches up over the door of the store and snares the end of an American flag. He pulls on the end of the flag until the wooden pole bends sufficiently to snap. He examines the metal eagle atop the remaining three feet of pole. He turns the eagle to the window, draws the pole back and...

INT. STORE

...drives it into the window, shattering the glass and tripping the alarm.

INT. POLICE STATION

A tiny, worn police station. A small waiting area with a pair of wooden chairs and wooden pew. A counter, behind which is a pair of desks. At one end of the desks sits the night cop, PHIL QUINN. His feet are up on the desk, he's reading a dog-eared copy of Penthouse. A diet Pepsi can is sweating on the paper-strewn desk. Quinn is in his late forties. Short hair, heat-softened, starched uniform, spit-shined shoes. He turns a page and a light flashes and an electronic blip sounds on the communications board. He glances at it. It's been so long since an alarm went off in town. He looks at it.

HIS POV

The light's flickering.

CU. MICROPHONE

Old dispatcher's mike. Quinn picks it up and brings it to his mouth.

QUINN
Ernie? Come in.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

A quiet residential street. Lights are out. A squad car is parked with its lights out.

INT. POLICE CAR

Officer ERNIE PLUMMER is sitting in his squad car with a WOMAN. They're passing a bottle. She's a little drunk. Her cheap blouse is open a button too far, revealing her bra. She's in her late thirties. Ernie's in his late twenties. He's a goof. Quinn's voice is coming over the speaker.

QUINN
Ernie? Where the hell are you?

WOMAN
You gonna answer?

ERNIE
Maybe.

QUINN
Ernie?

Ernie does nothing but grin at the Woman. To him, not picking up Quinn's call is an act of courage.

WOMAN
Better get it over with. I don't want you busy when the storm hits.

QUINN
ERNIE!

WOMAN
I love storms.

She kisses his neck. He reaches out and picks up the mike.

ERNIE
(to the Woman)
Off me for a minute.
(answers the call)
This is Ernie.

QUINN
Where the hell were you?

ERNIE
Checking doors, Phil.

QUINN
Bullshit you were checking doors. Howdy, Ida.

ERNIE
Ida's in Florida with her sister, Phil.

QUINN
The alarm's going off at the hardware store. You wanna get down there and see what it is?

ERNIE
(to the Woman)
Shit.

QUINN
You on your way?

ERNIE
I'm on my way.

QUINN
Get back to me when you get there.

ERNIE
Over.
(to the Woman)
I'll be back as quick as I can.

The Woman gets out of the car. She grabs her wine bottle off the seat.

WOMAN
I'm getting sleepy. Call me and let it ring once. If I don't come out in front, I fell asleep. Don't come to the door, either. I got my daughter for the week.

ERNIE
Don't fall asleep. All right? Whatever you do - don't.

She slams the door. Ernie watches her trudge up the sidewalk to her house.

EXT. HOUSE

Ernie starts the car, hits the lights and pulls out.

INT. STATION

Quinn returns to his reading.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DISTRICT

The squad car makes a turn and pulls onto the main drag.

INT. CAR. ERNIE

He's looking ahead. He sees something. We HEAR the alarm.

EXT. STREET. CURB

The police car pulls up and stops. Ernie gets out. He can't believe what he's seeing.

HIS POV

Amidst shards of broken glass, Robin is sitting on the sidewalk, leaning back on his palms, his chin turned up, his eyes closed. The fan in the store window is blowing a cool breeze on his face.

CU. ROBIN

He's enjoying the cool breeze on his face. Ernie appears behind him.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Ernie stands over Robin.

CU. ERNIE'S SHOE

It draws back and kicks.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn's pouring a cup of coffee. The police station door bursts open and Ernie shoves Robin in. He shoves him into the counter. Quinn turns.

CU. QUINN

He sees Robin. There's a history here. Quinn's throat closes.

CU. ROBIN

His face is pressed against the counter top. He looks at Quinn. He acknowledges the history. He smiles.

INT. POLICE STATION

Ernie holds Robin against the counter.

ERNIE
He smashed the front window at Spencer's and turned an electric fan around so it would blow on his face.

QUINN
You do that?

Robin doesn't respond.

ERNIE
I didn't see nobody else around.

QUINN
(to Ernie)
Let him go.

Ernie releases Robin. But not without a sharp shove. Robin straightens up.

QUINN
You want to answer me, Robin?

Robin stares at him.

ROBIN
You want to read me my rights?

QUINN
You have the right to seek medical care after I clean up this station house with your sorry fuckin' ass.

Robin tries not to respond to the threat.

ROBIN
Be my guest.

QUINN
Is that an invitation?

ROBIN
It's whatever you want it to be.

QUINN
Are you inviting me to kick your ass?

ROBIN
Take it how you want it.

QUINN
I want to take it as it was given.

ROBIN
Figure it out.

QUINN
You want me to kick your ass?

Robin stares at him. Quinn steps over to the counter.

QUINN
You didn't answer my question.

ROBIN
Get me a lawyer.

QUINN
You got real smart, Robin. You know all about lawyers and rights but you still think busting a fucking store window means something.

Robin doesn't respond.

QUINN
Busting a window doesn't make you sexy anymore, Robin. Nobody cares.
(leans into Robin's face)
It's gotta be a long time since you impressed anybody.

He looks to Ernie.

QUINN
Maybe we oughta cage him and haul him around to the high schools so all the young punks can have a look at what the future holds for shits like him.

Quinn grabs Robin's hand. Robin tries to pull it back. Quinn's too strong.

QUINN
Ernie. Look at his middle finger.

Ernie bends over and takes a look.

QUINN
Kind of withered, isn't it?

ERNIE
Just a little bit.

QUINN
That's from a lack of exercise. It's been a good four years since he had a teacher to flip it at.

Robin manages to free his hand.

QUINN
You want to call the old lady?

Robin scowls at Quinn. Ernie clears his throat. It's a sore subject.

ERNIE
I better see about boarding up Spencer's window.

QUINN
I'll take care of it. You get back on patrol
(to Robin)
How many times has she been down here over the years? The only way I used to know who she was running around with was when she'd have to come down here and bail you out.

Robin draws his fist. Ernie turns from the door.

ERNIE
You all right here?

QUINN
Goodnight, Ernie.

Ernie nods. He exits. Quinn springs at Robin, grabs his cocked arm and smashes his fist on the counter.

QUINN
You don't raise a fist at me, you son of a bitch. You hit me, it's the last thing you'll ever do.

He cracks the hand on the counter top again.

QUINN
You understand?

Robin doesn't respond.

QUINN
I sincerely don't give a good goddamn if you leave here with a hand on the end of your arm or not.

He smashes it into the counter again. He doesn't give Robin a chance to answer before he smashes it again. Robin stares at Quinn, trying to keep the emotion off his face.

QUINN
I love this shit, Robin. I really love it.

He waits for Robin's answer. None is forthcoming. He slams the hand again.

QUINN
I hope you have a girlfriend because when I finish with this hand, you're not gonna have any fingers to wrap around your pecker.

ROBIN
It's all right, Officer. I'm left-handed.

INT. CELLBLOCK

A dim, dank room behind the office. Two facing cells. Simple one-bunk affairs with a toilet, sink and barred window. The door to the cell opens and Quinn hurls Robin in. He's clutching his hand. Quinn opens one of the cells.

QUINN
If I thought you were a serious problem, I'd wake up the judge. But he'd have my ass if I told him it was you.

He holds the door for Robin.

QUINN
He'll see you on Monday.

ROBIN
Are you formally charging me?

QUINN
I don't know. What do you think?

ROBIN
I think you're looking at a lawsuit if you don't.

Robin walks into the cell. Quinn slams the cell door shut. A little harder than necessary.

QUINN
I'll take it.
(pause)
What did Danny ever see in you?

CU. ROBIN

He looks back at Quinn. He doesn't care for the remark.

CU. QUINN

He hates Robin, and not just for breaking windows.

QUINN
He was a damn good kid.

CU. ROBIN

He doesn't feel he has to back down.

ROBIN
How would you know?

CU. QUINN

He doesn't care for the remark. But it's too strong to get into. He backs away from the cell door.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn exits. Robin stands in the cell for a moment. He sits on the bunk. O.S. we hear a drawer opening and keys being dropped in.

CU. ROBIN

A flash of lightning washes out his angry face.

EXT. LAKE NIGHT. FIVE YEARS EARLIER

Robin and DANNY TALBOT are sitting at the water's edge. Robin's hair is longer. Danny is a dull-looking kid with long curly hair and a wispy boy mustache. He's wasted on an assortment of drugs and alcohol. He's clutching a pink of Jim Beam. He points out into the lake.

THEIR POV

A full moon throws light on the lake. In the middle is a sharp outcrop of rock, big enough to sit on.

DANNY AND ROBIN

Robin passes on a swig off the bottle offered by Danny.

DANNY
You wanna go?

Robin shakes his head.

DANNY
Come on, we can make it, man.

ROBIN
Danny, it's too cold, it's too far. Forget it.

DANNY
If you can't get there, man, you're stuck here. Forever.

ROBIN
Let's go home.

DANNY
I'm gonna do it.

He lifts himself up. Robin stands with him and tries to turn him to the car.

ROBIN
You're fucked-up.

DANNY
You afraid I'll make it?

ROBIN
I don't care if you make but you won't. Let's go.

DANNY
Fuck you.

He pushes Robin away.

DANNY
'Cause you got a girl? Classy bitch. You got it made, right? It's nothing, man. It's a fuckin' stroke, man. The only thing that means anything is getting the fuck outta here.

ROBIN
Okay. Tomorrow we'll get out.

Robin urges Danny up the shore. Danny tries to break Robin's grip on his arms.

DANNY
You're for shit, man. You're gonna be here forever. Get your fuckin' hands off me.

He shoves Robin away and stumbles into the water. Robin follows after him. Danny whirls around and knocks Robin down.

INT. OFFICE

Quinn's back at his desk. He's on the phone.

QUINN
Ed? Sorry to wake you but there's been an accident down at Spencer's. Huh? No. It's just a busted window. Can you get down there and board it up? Those farm workers come through in the morning, there won't be a pack of Juicy Fruit left if the window's not taken care of. I appreciate it.
(pause)
Yeah, it's still hotter'n hell. It better rain. Thanks, Ed.

He hangs up the phone. He sips his coffee. It's cold as ice.

QUINN
Shit.

INT. CELL

Robin's laying on the bunk, playing with his injured hand. He's bending the fingers to see if they're broken. He bends the hand at the wrist. Winces. He takes a red bandanna out of his back pocket and wipes his brow. He wraps it around his neck. He looks at his watch.

EXT. MAIN STREET. LATER

ED SHIPLEY's boarding up the hardware store window. He's a bent, old man. Overalls and a t-shirt. He's only been out a few minutes and he's already in a sweat. Lightning flashes.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Ernie's car's parked in front of the Woman's house.

CU. ERNIE

He's looking out at the house.

HIS POV

Lawn. No Woman.

CU. ERNIE

He's disappointed. But willing to wait.

INT. POLICE STATION. QUINN

He's behind his desk, feet up, leafing through a manila file.

CU. FILE TAB

FLEMING, ROBIN. It's Robin's police file.

CU. SHEET OF PAPER IN THE FILE

A list of Robin's arrests

8/11/90...SHOPLIFTING
8/14/90...CURFEW
9/2/90...TRUANCY

Another sheet.

3/7/92...SHOPLIFTING
3/8/92...SHOPLIFTING
3/15/92...PUBLIC INDECENCY

Another sheet.

6/12/96...BREAKING AND ENTERING
7/16/96...PANDERING

CU. QUINN

He reviews the endless list of infractions. Mostly minor, but numerous. He hits a page that chills him.

CU. FILE

A photo of a body covered with a police blanket.

CU. QUINN

He shuts the file quickly. He didn't intend to see it. Bad, old thoughts storm his brain. Memories. Anger.

INT. CELL

Robin's hanging on the bars.

ROBIN
QUINN!

INT. OFFICE. QUINN

He looks up. Angrily. Impatiently.

ROBIN (O.S.)
QUINN!

Quinn swings his legs over the side. He gets up and crosses the room.

INT. CELL

Quinn shuffles in. Robin's hanging on the bars.

ROBIN
I'm entitled to make a phone call.

QUINN
Who do you want to call?

ROBIN
A friend.

QUINN
You have friends?

ROBIN
I want to get bailed out.

QUINN
I didn't charge you with anything. How can you be bailed out?

ROBIN
I broke a window, I didn't kill anybody.

QUINN
Not this time.

Robin glares at Quinn. A low blow.

ROBIN
Can I make a call?

QUINN
Got a quarter?

ROBIN
Yeah.

Quinn unlocks the door. Robin stares at him.

ROBIN
Do you like being a prick?

Quinn smiles.

ROBIN
You're real good at it.

QUINN
You want to make your call?

Robin steps out of the cell.

CU..DESK PHONE

Quinn picks it up.

INT. OFFICE

He hands the phone to Robin.

ROBIN
You're gonna listen?

Quinn smiles. Robin sighs. He should have expected as much. He dials the number and sits on the edge of the desk as it rings. Quinn crosses to the coffee and pours himself a cup. As soon as Quinn turns his back, Robin slips his desk open and grabs a set of keys. He closes the door and pockets the keys.

INT. BEDROOM

It's dark. The phone's ringing. A GIRL stirs in bed.

GIRL
Shit...

She reaches out and grabs the phone off the hook.

GIRL
Yeah?

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn turns back from the coffee pot. He watches Robin. Robin's looking at the floor.

ROBIN
(timid)
Hi. It's me. Can you help me out? I'm in jail. Here. In town.

CU. GIRL

She's beautiful, even half-asleep. She's Robin's age.

GIRL
(annoyed)
Why are you in jail?

INT. POLICE STATION. ROBIN

He's embarrassed.

ROBIN
It's a long story.

CU. QUINN

He's watching the phone call. Wondering who it is. Robin knows and is careful not to mention a name.

CU. ROBIN

He looks back at Quinn.

ROBIN
I don't care when you're leaving. I'm in trouble. Can you come down or not?
(angry)
Thanks a lot, Lise. I appreciate it.

INT. BEDROOM

The girl hangs up and slips back under her sheets.

INT. POLICE STATION

Robin hangs up the phone.

QUINN
Struck out?

ROBIN
Is that what it sounded like?

QUINN
Girl?

ROBIN
Can I go back to prison, please?

QUINN
It wasn't your mother.

ROBIN
Is it important to you?

QUINN
Lise Jones?

ROBIN
I broke a window. You want to ask me about the broken window, we can talk about it but other than that, why don't you shut up?

QUINN
How's your hand?

Robin looks at him for a long beat and enters the cell block. Quinn follows.

EXT. STREET

The hardware store window is boarded up. A flash of lightning.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin's laying on the bunk.

INT. OFFICE

Quinn's sleeping in his chair. Snoring.

INT. CELL

Robin listens. He can just barely hear Quinn's snoring. He reaches around behind, into his pants and comes up with the keys he stole.

EXT. POLICE STATION. REAR

Robin slips out the back door. He crosses to a squad car. He reaches into the wheel well and feels around for the key.

ROBIN
Nothing changes.

Robin comes up with the car keys. He gets into the squad car and fires up the engine.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

The squad car flies down the road.

INT. CAR. ROBIN

The radio's blasting, Robin's driving like a maniac.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The police car squeals down the main drag, locks brakes, spins around and stops.

CU. SHOTGUN

Robin removes the shotgun from the floor mount.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Robin gets out of the car. Behind him is the freshly boarded-up Jones Hardware Store window.

ROBIN'S POV

A dry cleaning establishment.. Jones One-Day Cleaning.

CU. ROBIN

He grits his teeth and fires the shotgun from the hip.

EXT. DRY CLEANERS

The window explodes. The alarm goes off.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Robin scrambles into the squad car and takes off.

INT. POLICE STATION

The communication board is flashing and beeping. Quinn wakes up. He glances over at the board. He thinks for a moment.

HIS POV

Communication board. The flashing light. POV shifts to the cell block door. It's closed.

CU. QUINN

He's thinking. Realizes it must be someone or something other than Robin. He reaches for his radio mike.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Ernie's squad car is parked in front of the Woman's house.

INT. SQUAD

Ernie and the Woman are in an embrace. She's in her night clothes and robe.

QUINN'S VOICE
Ernie? Come in.

Ernie and the Woman break the embrace.

ERNIE
Son of a three-legged, cock-eyed, shit-eating, fire-breathing son of a mother's bastard bitch!

He picks up his mike.

ERNIE
This is Ernie.

QUINN'S VOICE
The alarm went off at the Dry Cleaners.

ERNIE
Well, if that doesn't just frost my butt.
(to the mike)
You let Robin out?

QUINN
What?

ERNIE
You let Fleming go?

QUINN
Hell fucking no.

ERNIE
I'm on my way.

He disconnects.

ERNIE
I'm sorry as all hell about this..

WOMAN
I'm going to bed and I'm not waiting up again.

She gets out of the car.

ERNIE
I'll get us a fresh bottle and a pizza.

WOMAN
I'm getting too old to be starting and stopping myself like this.

ERNIE
Please, honey. The storm's getting real close. Tomorrow's Sunday, you can sleep all day.

WOMAN
My daughter's leaving for school. I can't sleep all day.

ERNIE
I'll come back. You decide between now and then what you want to do. I'll be out here.

WOMAN
Do you do this to your wife?

ERNIE
Not since I met you.

He laughs.

EXT. STREET

The Woman closes the door and Ernie pulls away.

EXT. STREET

Robin's stolen squad car rips through an intersection a moment before Ernie crosses. Robin's going north and south. Ernie's going east and west.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Robin's squad car whips into the alley. He cuts the engine and coasts up to the police station. He gets out, returns the keys to the wheel well and hurries to the back door.

INT. STATION

Quinn's in his chair thinking. He's watching the door.

QUINN
I'm going crazy...

He gets up and walks to the cell block door.

INT. STATION. BACK ROOM

Robin hurries through a storage and records room.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn reaches the door.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin appears at the opposite end of the cell block. He makes a dash for the cell.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn opens the door to the cell block and enters.

INT. CELL

Looking out. Quinn walks up to the cell. He looks in.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

Laying on the bunk. Tilts his head backwards and smiles at Quinn.

ROBIN
Lonely?

CU. QUINN

He stares at Robin. Obviously, Robin's been right there all the time.

ERNIE'S VOICE
Phil?

Quinn looks back to the office. He takes another look at Robin and exits.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn walks in and picks up the mike.

QUINN
Yeah, Ernie?

ERNIE'S VOICE
Shotgun blast.

QUINN
What?

ERNIE'S VOICE
Shotgun blast broke the window.

Quinn's alarmed.

QUINN
What the hell are you talking about?

INT. SQUAD CAR

Ernie's sitting in the car. The door's open. He's talking on the radio.

ERNIE
I swear to God. I went inside and looked around. The whole wall behind the register's peppered with buckshot.

QUINN'S VOICE
I'm coming down.

ERNIE
What about Robin?

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn's in his radio.

QUINN
You come back here and watch him.

Quinn grabs his hat and exits into the cell block.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn enters and crosses. Robin's standing at the door.

ROBIN
You going somewhere?

QUINN
None of your business.

ROBIN
I don't think you oughta leave me here alone. I might escape.

Quinn exits, ignoring Robin.

EXT. STREET

Ernie's squad car and Quinn's squad car pass in the street. Ernie honks. Quinn honks.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

Ernie's squad car squeals to a stop in front of the Woman's house.

INT. CAR. ERNIE

He looks anxiously out the window. Silently urges the Woman to hurry.

EXT. HOUSE

The Woman comes back out of the house and comes down to the car. She gets in. The car takes off.

INT. CAR

The Woman flies back in the seat as the squad car takes off.

WOMAN
What the hell are you doing?!

ERNIE
Quinn's in town. Somebody shot out the window at the dry cleaners. I'm taking you to the station.

WOMAN
What?! I'm not even dressed!

ERNIE
There's nobody there. Quinn's good for at least a half hour gone.

EXT. STREET

The car flies down the street toward the station.

INT. CELL BLOCK. CELL. ROBIN.

He's emptying his shirt of a variety of things he picked up on his brief excursion.

CU. BED

Cigarettes, lighter fluid, gum, candy, toothbrush and toothpaste, deodorant, razor, two cans of beer, a Walkman, matches, a Polaroid of himself, a radio transmitter and a cherry bomb.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Quinn's kneeling on the sidewalk. He's looking at his fingers.

CU. FINGERS

Buckshot on his fingertips.

CU. QUINN

He notes the character of the shot. He thinks, baffled about the shooting. His guts tell him Robin but he can't figure out how.

INT. POLICE STATION

Ernie and the Woman come in.

WOMAN
What do you think I am?

ERNIE
You're the prettiest girl in town.

He takes the Woman in his arms and kisses her hard and heavy on the mouth.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin sits up on his bunk. He comes to the cell door and listens.

EXT. POLICE STATION

The lights go out.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin listens to the lovemaking beginning in the station house. He runs to the sink and grabs his metal cup. He comes forward and bangs it on the bars.

INT. POLICE STATION

Ernie and the Woman are on the pew in the waiting area. Ernie sits up.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Jailer! Jailer!

ERNIE
Shit!

WOMAN
What the hell's that?

ERNIE
Prisoner. Hold on a second.

Ernie jumps up. He fastens his pants and scampers across the office to the cell block door.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Ernie charges into the cell block. To Robin's cell. Robin's waiting for him.

ERNIE
What do you want?!

ROBIN
There's no toilet paper.

ERNIE
You bothered me for toilet paper?

ROBIN
I can't go out and get any. Hey, Ernie, what're you doing in there?

ERNIE
Never mind what I'm doing in there.

ROBIN
Why're the lights off?

ERNIE
Shut up.

ROBIN
There's TP in the cell across the way.

Ernie takes a quick look at the other cell. He exits the cell block.

INT. POLICE STATION

Ernie hurries in. He crosses to Quinn's desk. The Woman sits up. She's completely confused.

WOMAN
What's going on, Ernie?

ERNIE
I gotta get some toilet paper.

WOMAN
What?

ERNIE
For the prisoner.

He finds the cell key, holds it to the moonlight coming in the window.

ERNIE
I'll be right back. Don't let that fire go out.

Ernie rushes back into the cell block.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Ernie hurries to the second cell and opens the door. He enters the cell. Robin slips out of his and leans out. Ernie bends over the toilet paper dispenser and fidgets with the roll. Robin slips out of his cell and pulls the key out of the lock. He lays it on the floor.

CU. ERNIE

He's tugging on the paper roll. Behind him we see Robin raise his leg. Ernie rips the paper roll off the bar. Robin gives the door a push. He flies back into his cell.

INT. CELL

Ernie turns and stands to see the cell door closing. He leaps for it.

CU. CELL DOOR LOCK

It slams closed.

CU. ROBIN'S DOOR

He bangs it closed.

CU. ERNIE'S CELL DOOR

Ernie's hands hit the bars. The bars don't budge. His fingers feel for the key that isn't there.

CU. ERNIE

Absolute horror.

CU. ROBIN

A smirk.

CU. ERNIE

He's angry.

ERNIE
Did you do this?

CU. ROBIN

A mock curious look on his face.

ROBIN
Tell me how I'd do that?

INT. CELL BLOCK

Ernie and Robin are facing each other. Ernie looks down at the key.

ERNIE
You did it. I just don't know how.

ROBIN
Maybe I picked my lock?

ERNIE
Donna? Honey?

ROBIN
Donna Tilmon. You're banging Donna?

ERNIE
The only thing I'm banging is your head.

ROBIN
You mean when you get out of the slam?

ERNIE
Donna!

EXT. STREET

Donna's walking home. She's furious. She hurries off the sidewalk and behind a tree as a car approaches. Quinn's squad car rolls past.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Ernie's on his knees, fishing his arm through the bars, trying in vain to reach the key.

ERNIE
Shit and a shoeshine!

ROBIN
Try your other arm. Maybe it's longer.

Ernie withdraws his arm and is about to try his other arm when he realizes that Robin's having one on him.

ERNIE
I owe your ass a whipping and don't forget it, peckerhead.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn walks in. He's suspicious about the lights being out. He flips them on with his service revolver drawn. He quickly scans the room. He crosses to the cell block door. He listens. He hears a curious sound -- metal on cement, metal on cement. He cracks the door and peeks in.

HIS POV

Ernie's flipping his belt out of the cell, trying to catch the key with the buckle.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn whips the door open, ready to fire.

QUINN
FREEZE!

There's no reaction.

CU. ERNIE

He's caught as can be.

CU. ROBIN

He's assumed a frozen, statue-like position.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn approaches Ernie's cell slowly. He turns to face Ernie.

CU. ERNIE

He's on his knees. He looks up and smiles.

ERNIE
Hi, Phil.

CU. QUINN

He's shocked to see Ernie locked in the cell. His shock quickly turns to anger.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Ernie stands up. Quinn holsters his pistol.

QUINN
What are you doing?

ERNIE
Originally I came in for toilet paper.

QUINN
Don't bullshit me, Ernie!

ERNIE
It's true. Fleming needed toilet paper. I come in here to get it and while I was in here the door closed on me and the key fell out.

QUINN
Have you been drinking?

ERNIE
No.

QUINN
Ernie!

ERNIE
A couple sips, but not enough to make the difference between a tit and a tire iron. Ask Fleming. He was here.

Quinn turns to Robin.

CU. ROBIN

He's still frozen.

CU. QUINN

He glares at Robin.

QUINN
What happened.

CU. ROBIN

No reaction.

CU. QUINN

He's pissed.

QUINN
Answer me!

CU. ROBIN

Holds his position.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn would like to shoot him dead.

QUINN
Answer me!

ERNIE
I think he's doing that because you told him to freeze.

QUINN
Shut up.
(to Robin)
What happened here, Robin?

ERNIE
Unfreeze, you asshole!

QUINN
You stay out of this.
(to Robin)
Unfreeze, you asshole.

CU. ROBIN

He relaxes and speaks.

ROBIN
I don't know. I was sleeping.

CU. ERNIE

He lunges against the bars.

ERNIE
You lying son of a bitch!

CU. ROBIN

He's unfazed.

ROBIN
I suppose it could have happened that way.

CU. QUINN

He turns to Ernie.

QUINN
What were the lights doing out?

CU. ERNIE

He throws a quick look to Robin.

CU. ROBIN

He smiles.

CU. ERNIE

He looks at Quinn. He can't think of anything.

CU. ROBIN

He jumps in to save Ernie.

ROBIN
We heard a noise and thought it might be whoever it was that shot out the dry cleaner's window coming to shoot out the police station windows.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn turns back to Robin.

QUINN
Stay out of this.

ERNIE
That's what it was.

QUINN
And how'd he know about it?

ROBIN
He told me.

QUINN
He told you about the dry cleaner's windows?

CU. ROBIN

He realizes he's made an error.

ROBIN
He told me everything.

CU. ERNIE.

He looks at Robin. He's caught the mistake. But he lets it pass in the interest of saving his ass. He'll rat on him later.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn bends down and picks up the cell key. He unlocks Ernie's cell and lets him out.

ROBIN
Ernie? Aren't we forgetting something?

ERNIE
What?

ROBIN
The Charmin?

ERNIE
Use your shirt!

Ernie exits the cell block in a full-bloom humiliation. Quinn hangs back.

QUINN
Do you know anything about this window?

ROBIN
Should I?

QUINN
You're more or less our expert on the subject. At least for tonight.

ROBIN
I'd love to help you out.

QUINN
Was Ernie being straight with me?

Robin lays down on the bunk.

ROBIN
Since when am I working for the police department?

QUINN
I asked a question.

ROBIN
And I gave you no answer.

QUINN
Something in my gut tells me you might be behind all this.

ROBIN
It's probably just a greasy burger kicking up its heels. Hit the Gas-X and maybe it'll go away.

QUINN
The truth has a way of catching up to an event.

ROBIN
You've been reading your famous quotes book, huh? Phil, pardon me, Officer Phil...By the way, is Phil short for philosopher, philanderer, or philodendron?

Quinn doesn't answer. He's getting weary of the insults.

QUINN
You like big words?

ROBIN
I like anything you're unfamiliar with.

QUINN
How come you didn't go to college if you're so damn smart?

ROBIN
Too damn expensive.

QUINN
Bullshit. There's all kinds of loans and assistance and even without it, state tuition's nothing to make.

ROBIN
So, what's your excuse?

QUINN
I'm not as smart as you.

ROBIN
Then what explanation is there for your apparent superiority over me?

QUINN
A man can be smart and not have any sense. I submit that you didn't go to college because you're scared.

ROBIN
Before you submit that, first consider that I didn't finish high school. For some goldarn reason every college I applied to rejected me because of that one pissy little technicality. Can you imagine that?

QUINN
You're proud that you spit on any opportunity you might have had.

ROBIN
What do you feel inside when you see a Mercedes commercial?

Quinn doesn't understand the question.

ROBIN
Or a Red Dog Beer commercial?

QUINN
I don't follow.

ROBIN
All those pretty girls, all those handsome guys, all that success, all that beauty and hipness.

QUINN
Doesn't faze me.

ROBIN
Don't you want it?

QUINN
I'm happy with what I have.

ROBIN
You wouldn't want to be a hard working dude in a Lexus commercial?

QUINN
You're fulla shit. You're gonna die the world's oldest toddler.

ROBIN
What generation are you? Were you a hippie?

QUINN.
Nope.

ROBIN
Did you go to Vietnam?

QUINN
4F.

ROBIN
4F and you made cop?

QUINN
I don't have time for this, jailbird.

ROBIN
Am I keeping you from your beaver magazine and your 900th cup of coffee?

QUINN
Back to my original point, I know you had something to do with that second busted window.

ROBIN
Is that possible?
(pause)
Is it even plausible?

Quinn stares at Robin. He feels it. He just can't prove it.

ROBIN
Don't you think you oughta go call Dutch Jones? He'll be pissed as all hell if those farm workers loot his stores.

QUINN
Don't worry about it.

ROBIN
He's gonna nail your balls over his garage as it is, huh?

QUINN
It's not my fault you busted his window. I'm not in the prevention business.

ROBIN
How come he hasn't been down here yet?

QUINN
You like asking questions but you don't like giving answers.

ROBIN
I'll answer it myself. You didn't call him because you're scared.

QUINN
Why should I be afraid of Dutch Jones?

ROBIN
The Dutch Boy snaps his fingers and your high paying prestige career is an instant carcass. Then what would you do? Go into the city and be a security guard at a shoe store? Maybe you could be a private eye here in town and sort out whose wife's banging whose husband.

INT. POLICE STATION. ERNIE

He's standing just inside the open door, eavesdropping.

ERNIE
Bastard...

CU. ROBIN

He gets up off the bunk and crosses to the bars. Gets nice and close to Quinn.

ROBIN
Dutch Jones could form the basis of a lovely serial nightmare for you.

CU. QUINN

He doesn't like what Robin's saying.

QUINN
I'm calling back on a good twenty five generations to muster enough civilization to keep from coming in there and splitting your head wide open.

CU. ROBIN

He doesn't flinch.

ROBIN
Violence is the whore of the powerless. It's your only means of expression. You're the Vincent van Gogh of head injuries. Your Sistine Chapel is painted with blood. Your music is the sound of popping joints.

CU. QUINN

Leans in a little closer.

QUINN
Keep it up and you'll be pulling my poetry outta your ass.

He grins.

INT. BEDROOM

A young WOMAN is laying in bed on her back, unable to sleep. LISE JONES. She's just into her twenties. Strong and regal features. From appearances a woman of great confidence and self-assurance. A woman constructed of dreams and possibilities. Something has her conscience in knots.

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE

The squad car's parked in front. Ernie's just waiting.

CU. ERNIE

He looks at the house.

HIS POV

It's dark.

EXT. STREET

Ernie hits the siren on the squad car. A quick squawk.

CU. ERNIE

He keeps an anxious eye on the house.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn is back behind his desk. He's thinking, trying to sort out what's going on. He reaches for the dispatcher's mike.

QUINN
Ernie? Come back.

EXT. STREET

The squad car parked in front of the house.

ERNIE
This is Ernie.

CU. QUINN

He gives Ernie an order.

QUINN
Forget about patrol tonight.
Park yourself in town.

CU. ERNIE

The last thing he wants to hear.

ERNIE
Just park?

INT. CELL BLOCK. ROBIN

He's at the bars, listening to Quinn's side of the conversation. A sly smile graces his cheeks.

QUINN
I believe that's what I said. I don't want any more busted windows.

Robin plots his next move.

EXT. STREET

The squad car starts up and pulls away.

EXT. HOUSE

Donna slips carefully out the front door. She turns and stops.

HER POV

The squad car's gone. Empty street.

CU. DONNA

She's pissed.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Quinn comes outside. He looks at the sky.

HIS POV

The sky is heavy with rain clouds. Flashes of lightning illuminate the cloud cover from within.

EXT. STATION

Quinn walks to the curb and sits himself down on a bike rack. A beat and Robin appears in the window behind him. He crosses to the desk and picks up the phone. He dials a number.

CU. GIRL

The girl we saw earlier. Sleeping. Her phone rings. She reaches out of the bed, lifts the receiver and disconnects the call.

EXT. STATION

Quinn lights a cigarette. Robin, in the b.g., hangs up the phone. He looks out at Quinn.

EXT. STREET

Ernie parks his squad car in front of Spencer's.

CU. ERNIE

He's angry at the duty he's drawn. He smacks the steering wheel. A flash of lightning.

EXT. STREET

A clap of thunder. Quinn looks to the sky.

CU. QUINN'S BELT

An empty key ring on his belt.

CU. DESK. KEYS

Quinn's keys laying on the desk beside his wallet.

INT. POLICE STATION

Robin throws a look out the window, drops to his knees and takes the keys off the desk. He looks at them. Recalls seeing the wallet and reaches for it. He slips it in his pocket.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Ernie's squad car is sitting lonely on the street.

CU. ERNIE

He's tired of waiting. An idea hits him. He thinks for a moment. It's a devious notion. His hormones get the better of him. He reaches to the dash.

CU. RADIO

He switches it off.

CU. ERNIE

He picks his hat up off the seat. He pulls the headrest on the seat to its maximum "up" position and puts the hat over it.

EXT. STREET

The squad car lights go on. Ernie gets out of the car. He looks around and disappears into the night.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Quinn's still leaning on the bike rack. He's looking at his service revolver. Idle checking. Spinning the chamber.

INT. POLICE STATION

Robin creeps across the floor to the door.

CU. QUINN

He's just wasting time, thinking.

INT. POLICE STATION. CU. DOOR

It's slowly closing.

EXT. STATION

Quinn returns his revolver to its holster. The door is closing behind him.

INT. STATION. CU. DOOR

The door closes. Robin's hand turns the dead bolt.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Ernie's jogging down the street.

EXT. STATION

Quinn pushes off the bike rack and turns to the station. He stops.

CU. QUINN

He's puzzled.

HIS POV

The door's closed.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin goes back into his cell and locks the door. He listens carefully. O.S. we HEAR QUINN RATTLING THE DOOR.

EXT. STATION

Quinn's rattling the locked door. A tinge of fear.

QUINN
Son of a bitch!

He hurries around the side of the building.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

He's waiting for Quinn.

QUINN (O.S.)
Fleming?

ROBIN
Yeah?

QUINN (O.S.)
Did you lock me out?

ROBIN
How can I lock you out when I'm locked in here?

EXT. POLICE STATION. SIDE OF THE BUILDING

Quinn's standing in the weeds alongside the building.

QUINN
How'd the door close on me?

ROBIN (O.S.)
I wouldn't have a clue. I'm just the prisoner.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

He's delighted.

ROBIN
Quinn? If you want to get in, you can always break a window.

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE

Ernie arrives at Donna's house. He runs up the sidewalk.

EXT. POLICE STATION. ALLEY

Quinn's trying the back door. It's locked. He kicks the door in anger and exits FRAME, heading back to the front of the building. A beat and Robin opens the door a crack. He looks out, sees that it's clear. He steps out, locks the door with Quinn's keys and splits down the alley.

EXT. POLICE STATION. FRONT

Quinn comes around to the front of the building. He's completely perplexed. He tries the front window. It's locked.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Robin's running at top speed. He's soaked with sweat.

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE

She comes out on the porch. Ernie's waiting for her.

ERNIE
Baby, I'm sorry. It's been a strange night.

DONNA
Listen, you little clod. I walked home from the police station in my nightgown. You wake me up with your siren. I get dressed, come down, and you're gone.

ERNIE
I couldn't help it. But we're almost there.

DONNA
What do you mean, almost?

ERNIE
You up for a little walk?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Robin's still on the run.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Quinn's looking in the front window.

CU. QUINN

He's scanning the station, trying to think of a way in.

HIS POV

The dispatcher's mike on the desk.

CU. QUINN

He thinks of Ernie.

EXT. STATION

Quinn steps back down from the window, thinks for a moment and heads down the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET. SIDE ALLEY

Robin slinks through the shadows to the sidewalk. He looks out.

HIS POV:

Ernie's squad car parked in front of Spencer's.

CU. ROBIN

Pulls back from view. Thinks. Takes a more considered look.

INT. CAR

The hat on the headrest.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Quinn's jogging along the sidewalk. The careful trot of a man severely out of shape.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

Ernie's hurrying Donna along.

DONNA
Ern? I can't go this fast. I don't have any shoes, remember?

ERNIE
I left the squad car in town with the keys in it.

DONNA
And I suppose somebody's gonna steal it?

INT. SQUAD CAR

Robin jumps in the squad car. He grabs the shotgun out of its mount, lays it across his lap, fires up the engine and drops it in gear.

EXT. STREET

Robin whips the squad car around and pulls down the street. He slams on the brakes in the intersection of the two main streets in town. He jumps out of the car and looks up at a building.

HIS POV

A large, beautiful and ornate stained glass window above the door of the bank.

CU. ROBIN

He looks around behind him.

HIS POV

Hung high on the building on the opposite corner is a big, old outdoor clock. The squad car's parked below.

CU. ROBIN

He grins. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a reel of fishing line.

EXT. GROCERY STORE

Robin kicks in the front window.

INT. STORE

Robin climbs through the broken glass and races down an aisle.

EXT. STREET. UTILITY WIRE

A bottle of liquid bleach, in slow motion, sails over the wire.

EXT. STREET. ROBIN

He catches the bleach bottle as it swings toward him. He's fastened the fishing line to bottle's handle and looped it over the utility wire. He pulls the line tight. He looks to the two buildings and makes a calculation in his head.

EXT. STREET

Robin climbs up on the roof of the squad car. He slings the bleach bottle over his shoulder and jumps, catching the bottom of the clock. He secures his grip on the ornate iron decorative work. He pulls himself up to the clock face.

CU. CLOCK FACE

Robin secures a loop of fishing line tied to the main line over the hour hand of the clock. The clock is reading 3:05. The line is pulling away from the hour hand. As the hour hand moves around, the loop will slide off releasing the bleach bottle which hangs a foot away from the clock.

EXT. STREET

Robin drops from the clock to the squad car roof, to the street. He jumps in the car and takes off.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Ernie and Donna are stopped on the sidewalk. She's completely winded and she's rubbing a sore, bare foot.

DONNA
I come out for a little lovin' not an aerobics workout.

ERNIE
It's just one more block.

He stops and listens. We HEAR a burglar alarm. Ernie's eyes bulge.

ERNIE
You wait right here and I'll come back for you. Sit on the curb and soak your feet.

He leads her to the curb and sits her down.

DONNA
You're crazy and I'm sick to go along with you.

ERNIE
Honey, I'm a law officer trying to make love to a real special lady while I'm on duty. Circumstances will and have arisen.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

The squad car squeals around a corner.

EXT. MAIN STREET. QUINN

He turns off a side street onto the main drag. He stops and surveys the street. An alarm is ringing.

HIS POV

The street. No squad car. The alarm in the real estate office is ringing. Two buildings with boarded-up windows. And one with a fresh break.

CU. QUINN

He's furious.

EXT. MAIN STREET. THE OTHER END

Ernie's at the other end of the street. He's in shock.

HIS POV

The car's gone. Another window's broken. And Quinn is marching down the middle of the street.

CU. ERNIE

He knows he's going to get it.

INT. POLICE STATION

We HEAR the bleep of the communication board as the real estate office alarm is sounding. Robin unlocks the front door, lets himself in, relocks the door, crosses to the desk. He drops the keys on the desk, reaches into his pocket for the cell key and returns it to Quinn's desk drawer. He goes back into the cell block. We hold on the office as we HEAR the CELL DOOR CLOSE.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Quinn and Ernie are in the middle of the street. Quinn is furious. Ernie is nervous and shaky.

QUINN
What the hell do you mean, you went for a <u>walk</u>?

ERNIE
I went for a walk. I was getting drowsy and I went for a walk, yes, sir.

QUINN
And you came back...

ERNIE
Just now.

QUINN
To find the squad car stolen and a window broken and you don't have any idea how it happened?

There's a long pause. Ernie shakes his head, no.

QUINN
I put you here so that this wouldn't happen and if it was going to happen, you'd be here to see it.

ERNIE
If I've done wrong, I'm sorry.

QUINN
If? There's no "ifs", Ern. Your squad car's stolen and another window's busted. I'm gonna deal with you later, right now we gotta get back to the station.

ERNIE
Where's your car?

QUINN
I don't have my car.

An embarrassing pause.

QUINN
I got locked out of the station.

Ernie stares at him.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Donna is sitting on the curb soaking her feet in the trickle of sprinkler water running down the street. She expects Ernie to return. There's a severe double flash of lightning. Donna looks up. A clap of thunder with another behind it.

EXT. STREET

Ernie and Quinn are standing across from the police station. In the street. Their mouths are open.

THEIR POV

Ernie's squad car is parked on the sidewalk in front of the police station.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

He's laying on the bunk. Waiting.

CU. POLICE STATION WINDOW

Quinn's revolver handle taps the glass. A pause and it draws back and smashes the window. An alarm goes off.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

He sits up with a smile.

INT. POLICE STATION

Ernie and Quinn break out the rest of the glass and Ernie squeezes in the window. He crosses to the door and unlocks it for Quinn.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

He gets up and walks to the bars. He listens.

CU. DESK DRAWER

It opens. Quinn's hand reaches in for the cell key.

INT. POLICE STATION

Ernie's at the communication board resetting the store and the station alarms. Quinn studies the cell key. He's completely baffled.

ERNIE
You want me to give Ed Shipley a buzz and have him take care of the real estate office window?

QUINN
Then have him come over here.

Quinn flips the key in the drawer and closes it.

INT. CELL BLOCK

The door opens and Quinn walks in. He shuts the door behind him. Robin's waiting for him. Quinn saunters up and studies Robin. He looks beyond him to the cell. He surveys it, finding nothing out of the ordinary. He looks at Robin.

CU. ROBIN

He looks back.

CU. QUINN

He holds his stare at Robin.

CU. ROBIN

He smiles.

ROBIN
Can't do anything but stare, huh?

CU. QUINN

It's true.

QUINN
You got me stumped, Robin. I don't know how you're doing it.

CU. ROBIN

He shrugs.

ROBIN
Maybe that's because I'm not doing it.

CU. QUINN

A smile.

QUINN
How'd you get out of here?

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn's up against the bars. Robin backs away and sits on his bunk.

ROBIN
I haven't been anywhere.

QUINN
I'm going to pull up a chair right here and we're gonna talk and talk and talk. And my eyes are going to stay on you, and you know what?

ROBIN
I'm going to die of boredom.

QUINN
I hadn't thought of that. Maybe so. What's going to happen is nothing. No windows are gonna break, no squad cars are gonna disappear. Nothing's gonna happen.

ROBIN
That's a hell of a clever plan.

QUINN
I know you're doing it. I just don't know how.

ROBIN
And if you're wrong, you'll be sitting here shooting the breeze with me while the true culprit's running around stealing your squad cars and breaking your merchant's windows.

QUINN
I'll take that chance.

ROBIN
It's your town.

Quinn heads back to the cell block door. He steps into the station. Robin shuffles his feet. Quinn pokes his head back in. Robin laughs. Quinn goes back in. A beat and he returns with a wooden desk chair. He places it across from Robin's cell. He sits down.

QUINN
What do you want to talk about?

ROBIN
Prison reform.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Ernie's squad car is parked in front of the real estate office. Ernie's looking over the damage.

CU. ERNIE

Something catches his eye. He reaches into the broken window.

CU. FLOOR

Ernie picks a wallet out of the broken glass.

CU. QUINN'S WALLET

The wallet opens to reveal Quinn's badge.

CU. ERNIE

He looks up. He's worried.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn's staring at Robin. He's sitting on the bunk staring back at Quinn. A long exchange, then Quinn speaks.

QUINN
Nothing to say?

Robin doesn't react.

QUINN
Who'd you call on the telephone earlier?

ROBIN
Sports Hotline.

QUINN
Is that a fact?

ROBIN
You got any cigarettes?

QUINN
Yes, I do.

ROBIN
You want to part with one?

Quinn reaches in his pocket and pinches a cigarette out of the pack. He takes aim and tosses it through the bars. Robin bends down and picks it up. He lights it with his Bic.

QUINN
Didn't you go with the Jones girl when you were in high school?

CU. ROBIN

He stops in mid-puff. Holds a moment and continues.

CU. QUINN

He realizes he hit an open wound.

QUINN
What ever happened to her?

CU. ROBIN

He hides behind his cigarette. Keeps puffing, doesn't answer.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn leans his chair back against the bars.

QUINN
She went away to college, didn't she? If I remember correctly, she was a very pretty girl.

ROBIN
You're barking up the wrong tree, Quinn.

QUINN
Am I barking up a tree? I didn't realize I was and I didn't realize it was the wrong one.

ROBIN
You know all about her. If you want to get a rise out of me, this won't do it.

QUINN
I don't need to get a rise out of you. Do I?

ROBIN
I don't know. You tell me.

QUINN
Okay. I don't. It just occurred to me that you and her were...linked.

ROBIN
Linked? Is that a cop word?

QUINN
Boyfriend/girlfriend?

ROBIN
Are you going to sit here and yap all night? Don't you have anything to do? Don't you want to conduct an inquiry or an investigation into the busted windows? Isn't there some other way you can occupy your time?

QUINN
I'm occupying my time.

He looks at his watch.

QUINN
We haven't had an incident in half an hour.

ROBIN
It's a miracle this town isn't swarming with criminals.

QUINN
The only one we have is already behind bars.

ROBIN
Clever retort.

QUINN
You got a shot to make a name for yourself.

ROBIN
Maybe so.

Quinn changes the subject.

QUINN
So what happens when a load of trash like you goes over to Jones' place to pick up his daughter? He welcome you?

Robin takes a puff on his cigarette.

QUINN
Probably not. I'll bet you never picked her up at home. I'll bet you had to wait for her around the block.

Robin doesn't respond. He doesn't look at Quinn.

QUINN
When I was a kid there was a girl like Jones' daughter lived in this town in Ohio. She was pretty as a constellation, smart as shit and a bitch like you don't know. And she had a thing against her old man. Fucked with his heart every way she could. Summer comes around, the VFW has their fair with the rides and the games. And it's run by some carnival outfit and the carny people come with it and they live in the park in their shitty little house trailers. You know, while the fair's running. And this girl picks the scuzziest son of a bitch with the mad dog tattoo on his arm and the patchy little red beard and the greasy hair. The whole nine yards of scum. And she teases the shit out of this poor, dumb bastard and he falls for it and she takes him home with her for Sunday dinner. Her father gets one look at him and that tattoo and he's in the can. The local cops work this sorry little prick over something fierce and send him on his way. And he doesn't get it. Last thing he knew this pretty little girl's flying around the Tilt-O-Whirl with her skirt in her face flashing a pair of red panties at him.

ROBIN
That's a beautiful story, Quinn.

QUINN
I only tell you because maybe you can relate to it.

Robin glares at him.

QUINN
From what I know of Bob Jones, if he had any idea his daughter was walking in at night with your fingerprints on his daughter's body, he'd have you down here and I'd have already cleaned your clock.

ROBIN
I'm not responding. Why are you talking?

QUINN
You're not responding because I'm making a direct hit.

ROBIN
Don't flatter yourself.

QUINN
You ever meet her parents?

ROBIN
Yeah.

QUINN
Bullshit. Maybe you met her mother. But you never met Bob Jones.

ROBIN
Yeah, you know.

QUINN
You still seeing her?

ROBIN
Why don't we talk about you?

QUINN
It's my jail, you're my prisoner, I'll pick the topics of discussion.

ROBIN
Where'd you meet your wife? Livestock auction?

QUINN
What'd she like about you? Besides being able to thumb her nose at her parents?

ROBIN
What's your wife like about you? Your fat gut?

QUINN
You get her drugs?

ROBIN
Oh, yeah.

QUINN
Yeah?

ROBIN
Fuck you, Quinn.

QUINN
You're not a bad looking guy. I've heard there are women who like to mess around with inferior types. It's a power thing, I guess. It's a little added thrill to know that you're being taken by someone who's ultimately powerless. Movie stars are always doing it. Running off with workmen or weight lifters. You think it might be that?

ROBIN
What's you wife go for in you?

QUINN
My honesty.

ROBIN
She sounds easy.

QUINN
You know, I'll bet you fell in love with her. It wasn't the money. Some guys I'd say they wanted that little sports car she had or the house with the pool. Or maybe the connection with the family name. A job. But I think you wanted her heart and soul.

ROBIN
I'm getting a sore ear from listening to you.

QUINN
You probably could have gotten some dough or a car. But I don't think you'd stand a whisper of a chance of getting this girl to care one fucking bit about you. She's gotta wonder every summer when she comes home what the hell it was she ever saw in you. If she even bothers with you anymore. Time stopped for you about four years ago. So you see this little cheerleader who used to slip her top off every time you snapped your fingers. And that isn't what she is anymore.

ROBIN
You know, huh?

QUINN
When was the last time you touched this girl?

ROBIN
You're a sick man. Perverted old cop reading Penthouse and questioning his prisoners about their sex lives. That's pretty pathetic. Why don't you knock off early and drive into town and get a piece of the real thing, twisted bastard.

QUINN
Years. It's been years.

ROBIN
Shut up.

QUINN
You gotta be a Yale man to get up her skirt today.

ROBIN
If I wasn't in here, I'd kick the piss out you, you fat motherfucker.

Quinn leans forward. The chair drops all four legs to the floor

QUINN
Violence is the whore of the powerless.

Quinn gets up and exits the cell block. He got what he wanted.

CU. ROBIN

Everything Quinn said was true. He's been gutted. So badly that he doesn't know how to feel.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Ed Shipley's finished boarding up the real estate window. Another flash of lightning.

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE

She's dragging her sore frame up the sidewalk. She hears tires squeal. She stops and turns.

HER POV

Ernie's squad car's stopped in front of the house. He gets out.

ERNIE
Honey?

CU. DONNA

She scowls at him.

CU. ERNIE

His most charming smile.

CU. DONNA

A word of warning.

DONNA
This is your last chance. You screw this up and I'm calling your wife. Even if you don't touch me, I'm calling and telling her you did.
(pause)
You still wanna go?

CU. ERNIE

He shakes his head, no. He takes Quinn's wallet out of his pocket.

EXT. POLICE STATION

A flash of lightning. Ed Shipley's truck pulls up in front. Ed gets out.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn's behind the desk. He's thinking about Robin. About how ruthless he was with him. He looks over as he hears Ed's truck. Ed walks in. He's in his seventies, fuzzy as a cactus and very tired.

ED
What's going on, Phil?

QUINN
Howdy, Ed. Got me by the short and curlies.

He takes out his tape measure and measures the broken police station window.

ED
Who's bustin' all the windows?

QUINN
I wish I knew.

ED
I'm not getting out of bed again, Phil. Next time I go down, it's for the count.

He exits the station. Quinn talks to him through the window.

QUINN
You haven't seen anything while you've been out, have you?

Ed appears in the broken window with a sheet of plywood.

ED
I've seen lots of things.

QUINN
Anything that relates to the broken windows?

ED
Just broken glass.

He begins hammering the wood to the window frame.

QUINN
No kids cruising around?

ED
Nope.

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE

Ernie and Donna are sitting on her steps.

DONNA
You think Phil busted the windows?

ERNIE
His wallet was in the office.

DONNA
Maybe it got there because it fell out of his pocket when he was inspecting the damage.

ERNIE
I was with him when he first saw it. Couldn't be.

DONNA
Why would Phil be busting windows?

ERNIE
To hang Robbie Fleming.

DONNA
That's stupid.

ERNIE
He hates Robbie.

DONNA
What's he got to hate a kid for?

ERNIE
He thinks Robbie killed his sister's kid.

Donna's shocked.

ERNIE
There just wasn't anybody to blame it on.

DONNA
Kathy's boy was driving. How can he blame Robbie? It was an accident.

ERNIE
Sometimes when you can't understand why something happens, you gotta blame somebody. Robbie's no good anyway, so Phil just laid all his bad feelings on his doorstep.

DONNA
That's pitiful.

ERNIE
Robbie really is the trash of trash.

DONNA
He doesn't deserve to be blamed for a car accident.

ERNIE
Maybe if he wasn't around, Dane wouldn't have had a reason to go driving around. I don't know what Phil thinks. We never talk about anything serious.

DONNA
He's gonna hang the busted windows on Robin?

ERNIE
I don't know. It's just my theory.

DONNA
What about your squad car?

ERNIE
Maybe he did that, too.

DONNA
And you getting locked in the cell?

ERNIE
Robbie did that. I don't know how but he did. Or I did it myself.

DONNA
Well, what do you want to do?

ERNIE
I'd like to finish our bottle and think about it some more. Then I suppose when shit comes to shave, I'm gonna have to talk to Phil.

DONNA
You lost your urge?

ERNIE
I can get it back.

INT. CELL BLOCK. CELL

Robin listens to the conversation. He gets up from the bed, reaches under the pillow for the lighter fluid and squirts the bed.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn's leaning against his desk. The window's covered. Ed's inside securing the plywood from inside.

QUINN
We're not talking about these broken windows, right?

ED
Not unless you don't pay me.

INT. CELL

Robin finishes the can on the floor. He listens carefully.

INT. POLICE STATION

Ed's done with the window.

ED
Don't call me again, Phil. I'm taking my blower off the hook.

QUINN
We saw the last of it.

Ed exits. Quinn watches him get in his truck.

INT. CELL

Robin sets his lighter to the mattress. It catches fire. He backs away as the flames build.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn closes the door and walks to the coffee pot. He pours himself a fresh cup.

CU. QUINN

He sniffs. Turns.

HIS POV

The open cell block door. Fire light on the wall.

CU. QUINN

Panic. He drops the coffee and runs to the door.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn looking into the cell block. Flames in Robin's cell.

INT. STATION

Quinn grabs the fire extinguisher, dashes to the desk, grabs the key and runs into the cell block.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin's backed against the wall. Quinn fumbles with the key.

QUINN
What the hell happened?!

ROBIN
The bed caught on fire!

Quinn throws the door open, rushes in and blasts the bed with the fire extinguisher. Robin dashes out the door, slams in behind him and pulls the key. Quinn turns in panic.

CU. QUINN

Complete shock.

CU. ROBIN

A wink and a victorious smile. A flash of lightning.

INT. BEDROOM. GIRL

She's sitting up in bed. Looking out the window. Still wrestling with her thoughts.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Ernie and Donna are sitting on the squad car. It's parked in town. They're passing the wine bottle between them.

ERNIE
Why should I care if Phil wants to nail Robbie? I hate him too. The little asshole made a fool of me.

DONNA
I'm sick of talking about kids. I want the rain.

She lies back on the hood of the car.

DONNA
I want it to rain on me. I want to take my shirt off and let it rain all over me. It's so hot, Ernie.

ERNIE
It'll rain soon enough. You can smell it.

DONNA
You're smelling lightning.

ERNIE
No. I'm smelling rain.

DONNA
Is your radio turned off?

ERNIE
Nope.

DONNA
How come Phil hasn't called?

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin has the chair Quinn was sitting in earlier. Quinn's in the burned-out cell. He's sitting with his back against the wall.

QUINN
Why don't you take off?

Robin doesn't answer.

QUINN
Nothing to stop you?

ROBIN
I think we covered this.

QUINN
Let me ask you something. Who's behind bars here?

Robin says nothing.

QUINN
I'm locked in a cell. You're locked in a town. The only difference is square footage.

ROBIN
That's philosophical.

QUINN
Think about it. Right now, I'm without options in here. And you're without options out there. When Ernie gets back, I'm out. And you're back in, unless you take off which you won't, I guess. And then should you leave tomorrow or the next day or next month or if you get transferred to the county pen or wherever, it doesn't matter. You're a prisoner no matter where you are. Because you have no choices. You're a punk in a bubble. You don't have the guts or the drive or the vision to free yourself.

ROBIN
That's some deep shit, huh? That's a river of it.

QUINN
You got any plans to ever grow up?

Robin takes a long time to answer.

ROBIN
None.

QUINN
Did you bust those windows, Robbie?

Robin smiles.

CU. QUINN

He stands up and come to the bars.

QUINN
Funny thing about those windows, pal. They all belonged to Bob Jones.

CU. ROBIN

He had no idea Quinn would make the connection.

CU. QUINN

He smiles.

QUINN
Are we talking about violence and powerlessness again?

EXT. POLICE STATION

Ernie's squad car pulls up in front.

INT. CAR

Ernie cuts the engine. He unwraps his arm from Donna's shoulder.

ERNIE
Let me just go in and have a word with Phil.

DONNA
I'll fall asleep.

ERNIE
You'll be fine. A couple minutes then we'll go out to Hamilton Pond.

He gets out of the car.

EXT. STATION

Ernie goes into the station.

INT. STATION

Ernie walks in to find an empty room.

ERNIE
Phil?

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin looks to the cell block door. Quinn stands up.

QUINN
In here, Ernie!
(to Robin)
Looks like the game's up.

Robin shrugs. He knew it was a temporary situation. A beat and Ernie walks in.

CU. ERNIE

He looks at Robin. Then to Quinn.

QUINN
He's got the key, Ernie.

Ernie looks at Robin. He looks back at Quinn.

QUINN
Get the key.

Ernie crosses to the other cell and opens the door. He grabs Robin out of his chair and shoves him inside.

QUINN
Get the key from him, Ernie! What the hell's wrong with you?

Ernie locks Robin in.

ERNIE
(to Quinn)
I'm taking over.

QUINN
Taking over what?

ERNIE
You're both under arrest.

QUINN
Are you out of your head?

Ernie takes Quinn's wallet out of his back pocket.

ERNIE
I found this in the real estate office window, Phil.

Quinn quickly checks his back pocket for his wallet.

ERNIE
You're busting windows to hang Robbie.

QUINN
You're crazy. Quit screwing around and get me out of here!

ERNIE
I'm no friend of Robbie's and I don't personally give a damn what happens to him, but it's wrong for a law officer to go around busting windows.

QUINN
I didn't bust any windows, Ernie!

ERNIE
What's your wallet doing in the window, then?

Ernie opens it, flashes the badge at Quinn.

QUINN
Ernie, you let me out or you're off the force.

ERNIE
The Chief's gonna take you off the force. Don't give me any shit.

QUINN
You're making the mistake of a lifetime, Ernie.

ERNIE
This is solid proof, Phil. I thought it over a good many times before I came over here.

Quinn looks at Robin.

QUINN
This is your doing.

ROBIN
I'm just the prisoner.

Ernie exits the cell block.

QUINN
Ernie!

Ernie closes the door.

ROBIN
Weird night, huh?

QUINN
I'll kill you, Ernie!

ROBIN
Why would you want to frame me, Phil?

QUINN
Why don't you shut up?

ROBIN
I'll bet you're sorry you ever arrested me, huh?

QUINN
I'm sorry about a lot of things.

ROBIN
You'll get off in the morning. Bob Jones is an understanding man. He'll side with you.

QUINN
I got something to lose. You don't.

ROBIN
You got this great job.

QUINN
I got three kids and a wife. You can play games, you're on your own. I have responsibilities to other people. Innocent people. Of course, no one's innocent from your point of view.

ROBIN
I didn't kill your nephew, Phil.

CU. PHIL

His eyes narrow.

EXT. HAMILTON POND. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Robin's swimming furiously through the black water.

CU. ROBIN

He keeps his eyes fixed on Quinn.

ROBIN
A lot of people think I had something to do with it, but I didn't. I was with him and I told him to go home.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn doesn't believe him.

QUINN
Bullshit.

ROBIN
He was worse off than you or anybody else knew.

QUINN
Get off the subject.

ROBIN
Why? Because you're comfortable with your conclusion? The truth is too hard for you?

QUINN
You wouldn't know the truth if it came up and kissed you on the mouth.

EXT. HAMILTON POND. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Robin drags Danny's body onto the shore and collapses from exhaustion.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin leans against the bars of his cell.

ROBIN
Danny had more problems than me, Phil. You know what I tell myself. You know how I justify it? I taught myself to believe that he just wasn't destined to live.

QUINN
That's a good rock 'n' roll lyric, but it doesn't help his mother much.

ROBIN
Blaming the bad element does? Whether or not he had anything to do with it? Danny picked me up at my house. He said, "Let's go to Hamilton Pond and get fucked up..." I know you think I'm an animal and I don't care about anything, but I did care about Dan. Maybe only because he was a loser too, and he wasn't getting out of town either.

Quinn slides down the wall and sits on the floor.

ROBIN
But we were friends. I did not corrupt him. He was corrupted by this place. He was corrupted by a complete and total lack of alternatives in his life.

QUINN
That's a load of shit.

ROBIN
Why? Because he was a hot Little Leaguer? He was a sweet seven-year-old? What went wrong, Phil? What on Earth went wrong with your sister's little boy? He grew up wrong. Plain and simple. He did it to himself, he got it done to him, he just malfunctioned. He looked around and couldn't make any sense of what he saw. Can you identify with that at all?

QUINN
I didn't have a golden childhood. I had less than you. I had less than Danny. I had a lot less.

ROBIN
You know what Dan was saying?
(pause)
He was saying, "Look at me. Look at how terrible I am, look at what a problem I've become, look at what a waste I am, look at how badly I'm fucking myself up." And everybody looks and looks away. And so he gets badder and badder and crazier and wilder and then he dies. If I wasn't with him, he would've died alone. But he was going to die. It was gonna happen.

QUINN
How do you think his mother feels every day? For the rest of her life?

ROBIN
Worse than you and me'll ever know.

QUINN
And you can stand there and run this down so casual?

ROBIN
It's not casual. I been working on this for a long time. I miss Dan, too. Not like his mother or you. But I miss him. It's lonely being a twenty-one year old nothing with one narrow shot to fix my situation.

QUINN
Danny's got none.

ROBIN
I won't change your mind, Phil.

QUINN
I don't think so.

EXT. HAMILTON POND. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Two squad cars and an ambulance and pulled off the road in the b.g., lights flashing. Robin's holding Danny's body.

CU. ROBIN

He looks up with tears and sorrow and shame.

CU. QUINN

A younger Phil Quinn, in street clothes, looks down at him. His face is twisted with rage. He draws up his leg and kicks Robin in the face.

INT. CELL. BLOCK. ROBIN

Robin walks back to the cot and sits down.

ROBIN
Can you imagine how lousy you'd feel if I'd died with Dan? You should thank me for surviving.

QUINN
Why's that?

ROBIN
If I died, you'd have nobody to blame.
(yells)
Ernie!

INT. POLICE STATION

The lights are out. Ernie and Donna are locked in an embrace on the pew.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Ernie!

Ernie looks up.

ERNIE
Shit!
(to Robin)
What?!

ROBIN (O.S.)
You better get in here!

ERNIE
I'm busy!

ROBIN (O.S.)
It could be your ass!

Ernie sighs angrily.

ERNIE
(to Donna)
Hold everything right here.

He untangles himself from her embrace. She groans in frustration.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Ernie comes back to the cell block. He closes the door behind him.

ERNIE
What's your problem?

ROBIN
I put Quinn's wallet in the window.

Ernie's jaw drops.

CU. QUINN

He looks at Robin.

CU. ERNIE

He looks at Quinn. Then at Robin:

CU. ROBIN

He makes his confession.

ROBIN
I've been in and out all night. I busted all the windows, I stole the squad car. I stole the wallet.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Ernie's still staring at Quinn. He stands up.

ERNIE
Let me get the key.

INT. POLICE STATION

Ernie hurries into the station.

ERNIE
You gotta split. Now!

Donna is sound asleep.

ERNIE
Honey?

He shakes her.

ERNIE
Son of a bitch!

INT. CELL BLOCK

Robin's sitting on the edge of the bunk. Quinn's at the cell door.

QUINN
I knew it was you.

ROBIN
You're a genius, Phil.

QUINN
You little bastard.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Ernie drags Donna, passed-out, to the squad car. He lays her down on the sidewalk, opens the passenger door, and with great effort, lays her in the back seat.

CU. ERNIE

He looks at her, breathing hard, sweating.

HIS POV

Her nightgown's up to her waist. Lifeless legs, lacy panties.

CU. ERNIE

The last of his lust drains away. He reaches forward and pulls her nightgown down.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Ernie comes in. He unlocks Quinn's cell and frees him.

ERNIE
Phil, you don't know how sorry I am about this. I had no idea...

QUINN
Shut up, Ernie.

He exits the cell block. Ernie turns to Robin.

ERNIE
You did it this time, wise-ass.

Robin lays back on the bunk.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn returns to his desk. He flops down in the chair and rubs his eyes. Ernie timidly returns.

ERNIE
Phil, I'm sorry as all hell.

Quinn stares at him.

QUINN
You actually thought I was going around town busting windows?

ERNIE
Look at the evidence.

QUINN
Evidence, my ass! You don't know me well enough to think that maybe it was a mistake?

ERNIE
It seemed so right, Phil.

QUINN
Well, it was wrong. If Fleming hadn't confessed, what would have happened to me?

ERNIE
What do you mean?

QUINN
I'd lose my job!

ERNIE
Phil, I said I was sorry.

QUINN
I owe my job to that little asshole because of you!

ERNIE
What if you'd found my wallet in the window?

QUINN
Get back on patrol.

ERNIE
I'm sorry.

QUINN
You oughta be.

Ernie slowly walks to the door.

ERNIE
We need this rain. It's been threatening too long. People get uncomfortable waiting too long for something to happen.

He exits the station. Quinn swings his feet up on the desk. He lights a smoke and looks to the cell block door.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

Music's playing. Robin's made cones of paper and affixed them to his Walkman earbuds. Of them he's made tiny speakers. Tinny and small but loud enough to hear. He's lying on his bunk. He glances at his watch.

CU. WATCH

It reads 3:17.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Ernie's squad car pulls up in front of Spencer's and parks. He shuts down the engine and turns off the lights.

INT. CAR

Ernie looks over the back seat. He comes forward. A bead and he whips his head back around.

HIS POV

The back seat's empty. Donna's gone.

EXT. POLICE STATION

A flash of lightning. The wind stirs.

CU. GIRL

She's across the street from the station. She's wearing a light, sleeveless cotton blouse and a skirt.

EXT. POLICE STATION

She crosses to the station and enters.

INT. STATION

Quinn sits up and she walks in.

CU. QUINN

He's surprised to see her. At this hour, at this place.

CU. GIRL

She looks at Quinn. Haughty attitude.

INT. STATION

Quinn stands up and walks to the counter.

QUINN
What are you doing here at this hour, Lise?

LISE
Robin Fleming's here?

QUINN
He is.

LISE
On what charge?

QUINN
Why do you want to know?

LISE
I want to post his bail.

She sets her purse on the counter. Quinn is startled at the reason for her visit.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

He can hear the faint voices through the door. He sits up. He's not sure it's Lise. He listens intensely.

INT. STATION. LISE AND QUINN

Quinn snubs out his smoke. Lise waits for his answer.

QUINN
No bail's been set.

LISE
Has he been charged?

Quinn shakes his head, no.

LISE
You can't hold him without charges.

QUINN
He punched out windows in three of your father's stores.

Lise is startled at the news.

QUINN
I'm not calling the judge and waking him up in the middle of the night and I'm not calling your father, either. You want to play lawyer, fine. But I'm telling you it isn't worth it. This may be a little too personal, but I don't know why you'd bother getting up in the middle of the night to come down here and try to help somebody like Robin Fleming.

LISE
I have my reasons and they are personal.

QUINN
I'm sorry.

LISE
I can call Larry Spangler.

QUINN
Sure you can. And if you think your father's lawyer's gonna want to get out of bed and come down here to bail out a bum that blew out the windows in three of your dad's establishments, be my guest.

Lise is cornered.

LISE
Can I talk to Robin?

Quinn thinks for a moment.

QUINN
I don't think that's a good idea.

LISE
Why?

QUINN
Because it's my jail and he's my prisoner, and I don't think it's a good idea.

LISE
I don't want to talk to him about what he's done, if that's your worry.

QUINN
As long as Robin Fleming's back there alone, I'm not worried about anything.

Lise loses her patience.

LISE
This is ridiculous.

She walks around the counter and heads for the cell block door. Quinn grabs her arm.

QUINN
I beg your pardon, Ms. Jones.

She pulls her arm free.

LISE
If push comes to shove, my father owns this fucking town and you work for him. I regret having to mention that, but you're holding someone without charges, you haven't arranged for bail to be set, you're operating as a free agent in a government office, and overall acting like an arrogant son of a bitch. Excuse me, please.

She walks into the cell block.

INT. CELL. ROBIN

He's at the bars. He knows it's Lise.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Lise walks in and closes the door behind her. Quinn quickly opens it.

QUINN
If you wouldn't mind...

She ignores him and slams the door shut in his face. She crosses to Robin's cell and stands before him.

CU. ROBIN

He feels a little shame and humiliation to be facing her behind bars.

CU. LISE

She stares at him. Lets out a disgusted sigh.

LISE
Was this really necessary?

CU. ROBIN

He finds his dignity.

ROBIN
I wanted to see you.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Lise backs against the other cell. Robin leans against his bars.

LISE
You saw me yesterday.

ROBIN
I wanted to see you again.

LISE
I thought we said our farewells.
(pause)
I can't talk to you like this.

She exits angrily.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn's at the door as Lise pushes it open. It smacks his shoulder. He jumps back.

LISE
Gimme the keys to the cell.

Quinn's still startled from being whacked by the door.

LISE
I want the keys.

QUINN
That's why they got bars. So you can talk through them.

LISE
Lock me in.

Quinn's had enough. Everything he believes in is being threatened.

QUINN
I've had just about enough, honey. It's time for you to go home.

Lise stares at Quinn for a moment. She's had enough, too. She reaches out and grabs the coffee pot off the warmer. Quinn watches curiously. She stares at him. He reaches out for a Styrofoam coffee cup. He holds it out for her. Instead of pouring herself a cup, she slams the coffee pot into the glass gun cabinet. Coffee and glass fly.

CU. QUINN

He glares at her. Holds back his impulses.

CU. LISE

She glares back just as hard.

LISE
Well?

INT. STATION

Quinn doesn't move. He holds his look on her. She realizes she'll have to go a little further. She pulls a rifle out of the gun cabinet. She looks at him. Challenges him.

INT. ROBIN'S CELL

The door closes on Lise.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Quinn gives Robin and Lise a hard, threatening look before exiting. He goes into his office, leaving the door open.

INT. CELL

Robin's sitting on the bunk. He turns off his Walkman. Lise sits on the bunk.

ROBIN
What'd you do?

LISE
It doesn't matter. Talk to me. Tell me what this is about.

It's a tall order for Robin.

LISE
I'm leaving at 10:00 tomorrow. You have until about 8:00 to tell me.

Robin shrugs.

LISE
What's that mean?

ROBIN
It doesn't mean anything.

LISE
Are you going crazy?

ROBIN
That's a possibility.

LISE
You ever think about getting some help?

Robin spits a little fire.

ROBIN
You're talking like you never met me. I'm not a fucking college genius, but you do know me. And you can talk to me like you know me. We do have a history.

LISE
That's what it is, Robin. History.

ROBIN
The past is prologue.

LISE
Really? Prologue to what?

ROBIN
It's up to you.

LISE
I've said my peace.

ROBIN
A kiss on the cheek. A smile as thin as a sheet of cheap toilet paper. A pleasant good-bye.
(pause)
And you wished me luck.

LISE
And I meant it.

ROBIN
Good luck with what? How many times did you sleep with me?

Lise doesn't answer.

ROBIN
I was first.

LISE
And what's that worth?

ROBIN
Tell me.

LISE
Nothing.

ROBIN
No. It's worth a good luck after six years.

LISE
You say six years. Where do you get six years? I get two years. Two years in high school.

ROBIN
You deny the last four years?

LISE
I saw you over Summers. Do you know where I've been?

ROBIN
How could I miss it?

LISE
I've been at school. I've had relationships. I've been in and out of love many times. I've been serious about people, I've been loose and tight and stupid and smart and I've been satisfied and I've been hurt. My heart's been broken and mended and broken again. I'm twenty-two, I have a job waiting for me in New York, I have a man I'm interested in who's also in New York, I have an apartment, I have all of these things between me and you and high school graduation day, 1993. And you should feel kindly toward me that I'm even here.

Robin laughs. He stands up and walks to the other side of the cell. He slides down the wall.

ROBIN
Arrogant fucking bitch.

Lise glowers at Robin.

ROBIN
You got this, you got that, you been here, you been there, you've felt this and you've felt that. And I'm supposed to be a lucky fucker that you took ten minutes out of your dreams to come down her and blow me off in person. Right?

LISE
(strong and serious)
Yes.

Robin shakes his head in disgust.

LISE
I could have ignored you.

ROBIN
I guess that doesn't make you an arrogant bitch. It makes you a pompous bitch.

LISE
Being called a pompous bitch by a pointless loser means nothing to me.

INT. POLICE STATION

Quinn's sitting in his chair. He's listening.

INT. CELL

Lise leans back on the bunk.

LISE
I think you're a loser.

ROBIN
Okay.

LISE
I always thought you were a loser.

ROBIN
Did you?

LISE
That's why I liked you.

Robin chuckles.

LISE
I had problems with my father. You were the easiest and most efficient way to tell him to fuck off.

Robin's smile dissolves.

LISE
Get it? It would have been so much easier if you'd just caught the hint. I really resent having to come down here and be brutal with you.

Robin's stunned by her remarks.

LISE
Do you ever think about time? It doesn't stand still. This isn't the day after our first date. This isn't high school. This isn't another summer. This is the end.

Robin leans back on the bunk.

ROBIN
You used me.

LISE
Yes. I did. And I honestly thought you knew. I thought you'd figure it out. I thought it wouldn't make any difference to a twenty-one year old man that a girl used him in high school.

ROBIN
You have a moral statute of limitations? You can fuck up somebody and in six years it doesn't matter? You're off the hook for your sins if the dumb bastard figures it out?

LISE
Sin? You had me inside-out, upside-down, anyway you wanted, and I'm the sinner. When did you get your wings, angel?

ROBIN
I loved you.

LISE
What am I supposed to say, thanks?

ROBIN
Did you ever love me?

LISE
No.

ROBIN
Never? Not at all? Not the slightest bit?

Lise doesn't answer. He's got her.

ROBIN
At sixteen you consciously said to yourself, "I hate my father and I'm going to drive him up a wall by sleeping with trash"?

LISE
I never hated him.

ROBIN
Oh, shit. I'm sorry. I'm not a tool of your hatred now. I've been demoted to what? An adjunct to a bad period?

LISE
None of this matters. I don't owe you anything. I'm crazy to even come down here.

ROBIN
None of this matters to you. You're educated, you're employed, you're loved and wanted and you're on your way to a great and grand life. It matters to me because I'm not any of those things.

LISE
That's your own fault.

ROBIN
I know.

LISE
So? Get off you ass and do something. Get out of here. Apply yourself.

ROBIN
That's easy to say.

LISE
Maybe that's why it's said so often.

ROBIN
What would you do if you were a twenty-one year old loser in a dead town in love with a girl who's checking out in the morning?

LISE
That's not my problem. I'm not speculating.

ROBIN
You could laugh.

LISE
It's not funny.

ROBIN
I think it is.

LISE
That's too bad.

ROBIN
I'm always thinking about you, Lise. The fall, the winter, spring. Waiting for summer. Waiting for you to come home. And you never disappointed me. You were a little cold the first time you'd see me, but you'd warm up. And it'd be like always. By the time you left, I'd be back in love and I'd be ready to wait another year.

LISE
To what end?

Robin looks at her. He doesn't understand.

LISE
What was the point? Waiting for what?

ROBIN
You..

LISE
For what? What did you think would happen? You knew I was in college. You knew I'd graduate. You had to know I wouldn't live here. That I'd move away. Didn't you?

ROBIN
Yeah.

LISE
So what could you be waiting for?

There's a long pause. Robin's embarrassed. She's drawn so far away from him, he no longer feels comfortable sharing such private thoughts.

LISE
Can you answer?

ROBIN
Yeah.

LISE
Well?

ROBIN
Well, what? Forget it. You said what you had to say. I get it. There's nothing more. That's it.

LISE
You were going to say something.

ROBIN
Was I?

LISE
Yeah.

ROBIN
Well, it doesn't matter anymore.

LISE
Maybe it does.

ROBIN
Maybe it doesn't.

LISE
Were you waiting to marry me?

That's it. Robin stares at her, pleading with his eyes for her not to laugh.

LISE
I can't believe that. I never gave you any clue that was ever a possibility. This is a delusion all your own. I had no part in it.

ROBIN
Why did you do it to me?

LISE
I didn't do anything.

ROBIN
Why didn't you just leave me alone?

LISE
I'm not the cause of your problems. You can't hang that on me, Robin. I won't buy it.

ROBIN
I'm not hanging anything on you. I regret that you toyed with me and I didn't get hip to it. I feel like a fool having to be told I was loved in return. I give love like I give blood. Only in an emergency.
(pause)
It was a good ride, Lise. One I probably never deserved. The filthiest man in town riding a white horse. I used to drive up to your house when you were gone. I'd park and look up at that mansion and I'd lock onto your window and have visions of myself belonging up there. Your old man accepting me. Having a baby. Being your husband.

LISE
You shouldn't have done that.

ROBIN
Yeah. You don't know how easy it is to get things wrong. I thought, she has to love me for what I am because I don't have anything but myself.
(laughs)
If I had everything would you have ever looked at me?

LISE
Yes.

ROBIN
Really.

LISE
I never said I wasn't attracted to you. I never said I wouldn't always be attracted to you.

ROBIN
Why aren't I flattered?

LISE
Not just the way you look. What you say, how you think, how you feel.

ROBIN
But I'm not good enough.

LISE
You're good enough.

ROBIN
For somebody else.

LISE
For anybody.

ROBIN
But not you.

Lise doesn't answer.

ROBIN
You stopped being brutal?

LISE
If I can't explain to myself why I feel something for somebody, I don't want to get into a relationship with them.

ROBIN
Did you pick this up at college?

LISE
No.

ROBIN
Some people would say that when you can't explain it, it must be love.

LISE
It's not.

ROBIN
You're sure?

LISE
Dead sure.

ROBIN
How do you know?

LISE
Because it doesn't last. I'll walk out of here and it'll be gone and if I never see you again, it'll never come back.

ROBIN
You've thought about me.

LISE
When I'm with you.

ROBIN
And if I'd made something of myself - if I wasn't such a waste?

LISE
It wouldn't change anything.

ROBIN
Come here.

Lise looks at him.

ROBIN
Come here.

LISE
What?

ROBIN
Just come over here.

Lise walks slowly to Robin. She stands before him. He's seated. He puts his hands on her hips and looks up at her.

CU. ROBIN

An ambiguous look on his face as he looks up at Lise.

CU. LISE

Not sure what he wants. The slightest smile comes to her lips. She's thinking all the wrong things.

CU. ROBIN'S HANDS

They move slowly from her hips to her buttocks.

LISE AND ROBIN

She doesn't object or resist. She puts her hands on his shoulders.

CU. ROBIN'S HANDS

One hand moves down her leg and slips up under her skirt, drawing the hem up with it. All the way up the height of her hip. He's feeling for her panties. His hand comes back down.

CU. ROBIN

A sly smile. He's finally figured something out.

CU. LISE

She smiles, misreading him badly. She straddles his knees and sits down. She moves in to kiss him.

CU. LISE AND ROBIN

She puts her lips against his. He doesn't close his eyes. Doesn't respond to her touch. She pulls away slowly. She returns his hands to her waist. She pushes them up under her shirt, to touch her bare skin. Robin just stares at her. She kisses him again.

LISE
It's gonna be light soon.

Robin doesn't respond.

LISE
In memory?

Still, he doesn't respond.

LISE
To say I'm sorry.

Robin draws his hand out from under her skirt. He gently holds her cheeks and strokes her temples.

ROBIN
This is the most beautiful face I'll ever see.

She smiles and closes her eyes, letting herself be carried away by his caressing.

ROBIN
The most beautiful eyes, the most beautiful mouth, the most beautiful nose, the most beautiful skin.

CU. LISE

Her lips part. Robin's caressing becomes stronger. She sighs deeply. His hands suddenly lock tight on her face, hold her in a powerful squeeze. She opens her eyes in surprise.

CU. ROBIN

He's angry. His face is taut and hard.

ROBIN
And I don't ever want to see it again.

CU. LISE

She twists her head violently and frees herself from his grip. She pushes away from him.

INT. CELL

Lise stands up and backs away.

ROBIN
You didn't come to say good-bye. You came to spit on me.

LISE
You're crazy.

ROBIN
Who's stepping back in time?

LISE
What're you talking about?

ROBIN
Quinn!

INT. STATION

Quinn's behind his desk. He's been listening to as much of the conversation as he can hear. He rocks himself out of his chair.

INT. CELL

Lise straightens her clothes and fluffs her hair.

LISE
What's your problem?

ROBIN
I got religion.

LISE
What?

ROBIN
It's true. Everything you said.

LISE
I'm trying to say good-bye. Telling you the truth.

ROBIN
You came to tell me the truth?

LISE
No, I came to lie. Of course I did.

ROBIN
And that's all?

LISE
You want more than the truth?

ROBIN
Remember the first time I came to your house?

LISE
No.

ROBIN
Sure you do. You told me to wait for you out behind the stables? And you slipped out. Remember?

LISE
Vaguely.

ROBIN
It was so bad of you. So wrong. And it was right under your parent's nose. You lifted up your skirt and sat on my lap and watched your house. You were so dirty. Such a dirty little rich girl. Being so bad. And I loved that. Because when you did that, you were no better than me. We were equal. I loved you with your panties in your pocket.

Lise's jaw clenches.

ROBIN
What's in your pocket, Lise?

She doesn't answer. She looks out the cell to see if Quinn's coming.

ROBIN
Your truth is bullshit. I know now why I was in love with you. Why I wasted so much life waiting for you.

She looks at him.

LISE
Why?

Quinn comes in. He saunters up to the cell door and unlocks it.

LISE
Why?

ROBIN
Maybe I'll come to New York sometime and help you work it out.

Quinn opens the door.

QUINN
You on your way?

Lise ignores him.

LISE
That's some low-rate revenge.

ROBIN
She's leaving.

LISE
(collecting some dignity)
It was entirely charitable.

ROBIN
Don't forget to claim it on your income tax.

LISE
Yeah. And you make me a license plate.
(to Quinn)
Get out of my way.

He steps aside. She slides out of the cell. She stops as if to turn back and say something. She doesn't. She continues out of the cell block and we don't see her again. Quinn watches her go. He looks back at Robin.

QUINN
What was that all about?

Robin doesn't answer.

QUINN
She cleaned your clock, huh?

ROBIN
You want to close the door? You're letting all the bugs in.

Quinn cracks a smile.

QUINN
Why don't you go home?

Robin looks up at him with slight confusion.

QUINN
Her old man's got insurance.

He exits, leaving the cell door open.

INT. OFFICE

Quinn comes out of the cell block and slumps down in his chair. It's been a long night. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF RAIN.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY. FLASHBACK

It's raining. The family and friends leave the shelter of a grave site tent heading for their cars. Phil walks with his arm around his sister. He helps her into the car.

CU. PHIL. FLASHBACK

Distraught, grieved. Something catches his eye.

HIS POV. FLASHBACK

A boy is standing on a rise fifty yards above and beyond the grave site. He's wearing a suit, standing stock still, arms at his sides.

CU. PHIL. FLASHBACK

Fury in his eyes. He gets in the car.

CU. ROBIN. FLASHBACK

In a blue blazer and a work shirt. Soaked to the skin. Lost, hurt, pained eyes. A flash of lightning.

EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT

Thunder rumbles.

INT. POLICE STATION

Robin comes out of the cell block. Quinn looks at him. He doesn't say anything. Robin crosses to the door. He stops. After a long beat he turns back to Quinn.

QUINN
Get on with your life.

Robin nods and exits. Quinn pulls up the sleeve of his uniform shirt to reveal his biceps and a garish mad dog tattoo. He looks at it wistfully, rubs it and rolls his sleeve back down.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

The sun's coming up. Ernie's sound asleep in the squad car.

EXT. HOUSE. PORCH

Donna is curled up on her porch swing. She's sleeping. Nothing happened.

EXT. MAIN STREET

It starts to rain. Drops quickly turn to sheets.

EXT. HIGHWAY

A limousine rockets down the wet highway.

CU. WINDOW

Lise looks out the window, watching her town disappear behind her. Her expression is cold and arrogant.

EXT. HAMILTON POND. THE ROCK

Robin pulls himself out of the water and onto the Rock. Satisfaction and completion. Rebirth. He turns his face to the rain and closes his eyes. FADE DOWN. MUSIC UP. TITLES...

AFTER TITLES...

CU. CLOCK

The town clock and the bleach bottle still hanging off the hour hand. It's 8:00.

ECU. FISHING LINE LOOP

It's at the tip of the hour hand. One more notch and...

EXT. MAIN STREET

The bleach bottle is released. It swings across the intersection.

EXT. MAIN STREET. BANK

The bleach bottle crashes into the stained-glass window.

END